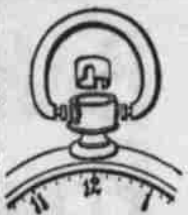


WITHOUT THE



BOW (RING)
It is easy to steal or ring watches from the pocket. The thief gets the watch in one hand, the chain in the other and gives a short, quick jerk—the ring slips off the watch stem, and away goes the watch, leaving the victim only the chain.

This idea stopped that little game:



Sold by all watch dealers, without cost, on Jas. B. Ross Filled and other cases containing this trade mark—Ask your jeweler for pamphlet.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

Democratic-Northwest, AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

LAST GREAT SHAKE.

An Unpleasant Event Booked for November 13, 1890.

The records indicate that people have been looking for the end of the world at intervals ever since the world began, and prediction of this character generally receive every limited credence, but when a scientific man of the standing of Prof. Rudolph Falb, of Vienna, makes a prophecy of this sort it is at least worth thinking about. Prof. Falb has a reputation all over Europe for his meteorological knowledge and particularly for his extraordinary familiarity with the habits and customs of earthquakes. His predictions of these seismic disturbances have been remarkably fulfilled. His prediction of the great earthquake at Zante last year was published in the press dispatches all over the country the day before the earthquake occurred. Another example of his accurate foreknowledge on this subject is shown in the fact that on March 31, 1888, he wrote to the tourist club of Vienna accepting an invitation to lecture about earthquakes, but added that he would like to defer the lecture until after April 8, as an earthquake would occur by that time, which would aid him in giving them enlightenment. As a matter of fact, an earthquake occurred on April 8, and was felt all over southern Hungary. Prof. Falb's prophecies back over a number of years, have usually been made from nine to twenty months in advance, and have in almost every instance been correct. Now, however, the professor's prophetic eye has shot across a space of five years, and he says that on November 13, 1890, the earth will undergo a tidal wave, and as the comet of 1880, will reappear and collide with our globe; then "the fireworks" and darkness. By way of preliminary to the main event, however, it may be mentioned that, according to the program, New York is to disappear under a tidal wave in July or August, while Florida and California will probably become islands as the result of a submarine earthquake. The most unpleasant feature about these prophecies is, as already intimated, the fact that they are not prophecies at all, but scientific speaking, but scientific prophecies based upon scientific investigations into mundane anatomy. To put his theories in as simple a fashion as possible, it may be said that Prof. Falb believes first of all that the deep interior of the earth is filled with a molten mass, which is subject to ebb and flow like the water of the ocean. Between the earth and this molten shell, which is slowly cooling, there is only a shell of an average of eighteen miles in thickness, upon which we mortals live and move. In some places the earth's crust is thicker than in others. Where it is thinnest, the confined, terrible forces of the under world, chiefly in the form of gas, seek constantly to escape, and when the pressure of the atmosphere under a tidal wave, which the gas finds an outlet, usually in well-defined districts, generally through the volcanic ventholes. But beyond the constant pressure of gas, Prof. Falb has the theory that the seismic molten mass beneath us is subject to the influence of the moon, which produces waves, and occasionally great tidal waves, which sweep round the inner crust of the world with terrific force, shaking the earth in its passage. Prof. Falb publishes every year a list of the days on which he expects seismic convulsions. These he calls "critical days"—and these days are those when the moon approaches close to the earth. The critical days given by Prof. Falb for 1894 are stated in the order of maximum disturbance as follows: August 21, September 30, February 20, March 21, May 20 and October 28. Thus the most serious disturbance may be looked for on August 29, and the slightest on October 28. In connection with the great scientific contest between mother earth and the comet, which to use a phrase current in scientific circles, is to be "pulled off" in 1899, it is recalled that on January 14, 616, ten people were killed in China by the fall of a meteor. In the year 823 thirty-five villages in Saxony were destroyed by the fall of a meteor, and many men and animals killed. On September 4, 1511, one man and four animals were destroyed by falling meteors near Crema. On November 4, 1749, a meteor struck the mast of a ship that was crossing the Atlantic, killing five seamen. Each of these cases can be regarded as the fall of a small comet upon our world. It is a comfort to know that some Vienna scientists believe the comet is going to get the worst of it, and point the fact that the comet Lexell, when it came too near to Jupiter, was thrown off its course and sent flying out of our planetary system.

Women makes good jurors and to them we wish briefly to turn the evidence proving superiority of M. J. Dye, to wit: They color anything and everything and are easy to use. Give rich, fast colors, which do not crack or fade like most other brands. The packages are larger than other 10 cent dyes and color nearly double the goods. Other brands require a separate package for cotton, while nearly all M. J. Dye colors will dye cotton, wool, silk, etc., with same package, making them far superior coloring mixed goods. Furthermore, try them, follow the simple directions and your verdict after trial will be for M. J. Dye. Sold by Saur & Basley, Napoleon, Ohio.

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CONDENSED NEWS.

A Collection of Interesting Items on Various Subjects, Especially Prepared For the Hasty Reader.
"General" Cozy says he does not desire the company of tramps on his march to Washington.
It is said while the Wilson tariff bill does not annual existing reciprocity treaties it puts a stop to making the same.
The Lake Carriers' association at Cleveland resolved on a reduction of about 10 per cent in wages of vessel employees and 20 per cent of officers of the association.
Eugene Debs, president of the American Railway union, declared at Terre Haute, before a meeting of Populists, that hereafter he would be a Populist, leaving the Democratic party. The Populists say they will make him their candidate for governor in 1896.
The municipal war at Enid, O. T., has ended in a compromise.
The navy department has begun to purchase stores for the Behring sea fleet. Senator Hill has joined forces with the naval committee in urging the early consideration in committee of the territorial admission bills.
Anthony Comstock was roughly handled by a crowd of Yale students while he was lecturing on the street at New Haven.
Six hundred persons at Chicago have started a co-operative grocery.
Everything is now quiet in Denver. Both sides will await the decision of the supreme court. This decision will be made within the next few days.
Dan Connelley, who was recently acquitted of the charge of conspiracy in the Cronin case, is considering an offer from a dime museum in the northwest. He has also been offered a position on the detective force of the St. Johns river has so far progressed as to permit vessels drawing 15 feet of water to enter the port at Jacksonville, Fla.

Crimes and Casualties.
Banker R. M. Page shot and killed Banker A. B. Smith at Fort Worth, Tex. Quarrelled about money.
At Reed City, Mich., John M. Johnson was shot and instantly killed by a woodsman named Dingman Virman. Virman was jailed. There are threats of lynching.
At Duluth Richard Wagner thwarted dynamite in a cook stove. Usual result. A man dead. The rest of the family were all injured seriously, except Wagner himself.
Two miles of track and several bridges have been washed away on the Northern Pacific at Miles City, Mon.
In a San Francisco Catholic church, John Brady, a painter, shot his wife as she was praying in front of the altar and then put a bullet into his own brain. She had just secured a divorce owing to Brady's dissolute habits.

Personal.
Senator Sherman has gone to Asheville, N. C., to recuperate.
Dr. John T. Liston, one of the earliest physicians in northern Indiana, aged 90 years, died at Bunker Hill.
Colonel R. E. J. Miles of Cincinnati, veteran actor and theatrical manager, died from the effects of carbuncles.
Chairman Wilson is slowly improving in Guatemala.
Bill Nye has decided to stop lecturing. He says his literary work is sufficient to occupy his time.

Foreign.
Queen Victoria has arrived at Florence. Justin McCarthy says Ireland's prospects are very bright.
Herman Gladstone has been re-elected to parliament as the representative of West Leeds without opposition.

Fires.
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LOVE.

Deep in the morning depths Of yellow wine I sawe I'd down your face, Oh, love of mine! All in a yellow hue, You crouched within my cap And laughed at me.
Twice over a learned page I turned and tossed, For I could not forget The love I lost. All stern and robed in gloom, You read it too. I could not read the words—Saw only you.
Within the hungry chase I thought to kill You, love, who haunted thus Without my will, But in the gentle gaze Of fawn and deer Your eyes disarmed my hand And shook my spear.
Beneath a maid's dark lash I swore you'd drown Sink in the laughing blue, Give in, go down. I'd drown you there Right joyously, Out from her liquid eyes You laughed at me. Dora Sigerson in London Sun.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

It was Kitty who first suggested to me that our prescription was not working well. As soon as she spoke I was bound to admit it. I had thought that Jack would easily get over his unfortunate attachment. I expected that after a few quiet weeks with us he would forget Clara Wilkinson and her disgraceful treatment of him. She was, in my opinion, a worthless girl, and I grieved to see him take the affair so seriously. And just at first he had appeared to rally. He had become more cheerful and more ready for society. I said as much to Kitty, but she pointed out that there had been a relapse. In fact, she was emphatic on the question. "He's getting no good here at all," she said most positively. "Really, in his own interest, I must ask you to send him away."
"The girl has spoiled his life!" I cried angrily. Kitty looked at me for a moment, but said nothing.
"I suppose you're right," I went on. "He would be better in a livelier place."
"Of course he would, you dear old stupid," said Kitty.
I did not see that I had been stupid. "There is nothing to distract his thoughts here," I said.
"You will speak to him then?" asked Kitty. She was decidedly in earnest about it.
"A woman does these things so delicately and tactfully," I suggested.
"Oh, I couldn't think of it, Robert," said Kitty, blushing. I admired her delicacy.
He was walking up and down the gravel walk, hitting at my flowers of which I am rather proud—with his stick and smoking one of my cigars—"I'm a judge of cigars—at a ruinous pace. When I joined him and linked my arm through his, he started.
"Jack," said I, "wouldn't you be better away from here? Come, you know what I mean. You're no great hand at a secret."
"—I—" he began, stammering and in great confusion.
"I know all about it," said I encouragingly. "I thought you'd get good out of the place, but it's clear you haven't—quite the contrary. You want to see new things and new people and forget this!"—I paused for a word and ended—"this unhappy mistake of yours."
"Upon my honor, you are a good fellow," he exclaimed. "I don't know another man who would have treated me as you have. And he covered his eyes with his hand.
"Oh, nonsense. It's nothing. I hope I'm always ready to do my friends a turn. But it's no use, is it? It gets worse and worse."
"I'll go," he said, with a sigh. "I won't stay a minute. After what you say I couldn't. And, old man, I don't know how to thank you. Many fellows would have taken the way I've been going on badly—most would!"
"Oh, we made allowance for you. Young men mustn't be judged too harshly."
"But you're a true friend. It makes me feel pretty bad, I can tell you, Bob."
"Oh, you'll soon forget it when you're on the move."
"I'll try. By Jove, I will!" he exclaimed earnestly.
"Do—it only needs a little resolution. Because between ourselves, you know, you oughtn't to be inconsiderable."
"Oh?"
"In my opinion, Jack, you've had an escape, and you can take my word for it. Remember I know the lady pretty well." In fact, I'd met Clara Wilkinson a hundred times and had a perfectly definite opinion about her.
"Oh, you mustn't say a word against her," he protested. "She's been all that's good and kind and—"
"Of course you say that," I interrupted impatiently. "I suppose you're bound to, but it won't go down with me. If ever there was a heartless, worthless jade!"
"Bob!" he cried, starting away from me, but I was determined he should hear the truth.
"If ever a woman," I pursued, "led a young fellow on deliberately, wickedly, never meaning anything except to get him in her toils and then turn him adrift with a laugh—that's what she meant with you. Oh, I know her—no one better!"
The unhappy young man turned pale, and his lips trembled.
"Now you know the truth about her, and I hope you'll proceed to put her image out of your heart," I concluded.
"I'd have staked my life on her!" he murmured. "She—she seemed so different. Bob, I couldn't help it. She never!"
"You were only the victim," I interrupted, patting his shoulder.
"—I shall go at once. I can't stay here. This revelation—you are telling me the truth, Bob?"
"Honestly, to the best of my knowledge," I answered firmly.
"How awful!" said he.
"Surprised, are you? Why, any of the fellows at the club could have told you the same thing."
"Awful!" he murmured, gazing at me.
"Come, come," said I, "it's possible to make too much of such a trouble as this. When one's eyes are once opened—" And I ended with a shrug of the shoulders.
Suddenly he held out his hand.
"Shake hands, old man," he said.

I shook hands. The poor fellow was a good deal moved, and I didn't wish to appear cold.
"I shall go straight," he repeated.
"Well, tomorrow morning will do."
"No. Tonight—the next train. And you—must stay here?"
"Of course I stay here," I answered, staring in my turn.
He sighed heavily.
"It's bad for me, old chap," he said, laying a hand on my shoulder; "but, by Jove, what must it be for you!"
"For me?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"
"That woman!" he gasped. "And how you keep it up! One would think to see you—well, well, it's brave. It would kill me in a month. It's brave, that's what it is!"
"—What in the world are you talking about? I haven't spoken to her for three years."
"Except before strangers? Good heavens!"
"Not at all. I haven't!"
"—Hush—here she comes! I—I can't meet her!"
"She here? Bosh!"
I turned round—and beheld my wife! With a gasp, I fell back a step. Jack tore past Kitty and vanished through the open windows of the drawing room.
"Well, was he reasonable?" asked Kitty.
I could say nothing.
"I hope you were gentle with him, Bob. He's a nice boy, though he's a particularly silly one. He meant no harm, Bob."
"—Was—was he?"—I stammered.
"What the dickens does it mean?"
"Only," said Kitty, coming close up to me, "that he's quite forgotten Clara Wilkinson, and—"
"Well!"
"That you've got rather a nice wife, Bob," she whispered. "Did you say anything about me, Bob?"
I looked at her for a moment.
"Heaven's!" I cried and rushed into the house. That young man would go and tell all the club that my wife and I—oh, Lord!
"Jack, Jack, Jack, you young fool!" I yelled.
The butler appeared.
"Mr. Vincent, sir, has just jumped into the dogcart, sir—it was at the door by your orders—and driven off like mad. He said he was summoned to town, sir."
I sank down in a chair. Presently Kitty came in. She was laughing.
"Oh, dear," she said, "and I thought you were so nice and considerate in pretending not to see it! And the silly little woman went off into a fit of giggling."
Then I told her the opinion of her and of our domestic happiness which Jack Vincent was carrying away with him. That sobered her, and we began to send telegrams. But the young ruffian—he may break his heart next time, and welcome—had gone straight to the club.
When I go there now, they ask me sympathetically if matters are "any better." I know what they mean.—Black and White.

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